

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staied for, there my blessing with thee,
And these few precepts in thy memorie
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,
Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of Steele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnstedgd courage; beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th' opposer may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thy eare, but few thy voice,
Take each mans censure, but reserve thy iudgement,
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not exprest in fancie; rich not gaudie,
For the apparell oft proclaimes the man:
And they in *France* of the best ranke and station,
Are of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looses both it selfe and friend,
And borrowing dulleth the edge of husbandry:
This aboute all, to thine owne selfe be true
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man:
Farewell my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.

Pol. The time inuests you, go, your seruants tend,

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue said to you.

Oph. Tis in my memorie lockt
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. *Exit, Laertes.*

Pol. What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marrie well bethought

Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe
Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous,

Prince of Denmarke.

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
As it behooues my daughter and your honour,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth.

Oph. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle,
Vnsifted in such perillous circumstance,
Doe you belecue his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I doe not know my Lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marrie I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie,
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling: tender your selfe more dearly
Or (not to cracke the wind of the poore phrase)
Wrong it thus, youle tender me a foole.

Oph. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable fashion.

Pol. I, fashion you may call it, goe to, goe to.

Oph. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, springes to catch Wood-cocks, I do know
When the bloud burnes, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not tak't for fire: from this time

Be some thing scancer of your maiden presence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate

Then a command to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,

Belecue so much in him, that he is young,

And with a larger teder may he walke

Then may be giuen you: in few *Ophelia*,

Doe not belecue his vowes, for they are Brokers

Not of that die which their inuestments shew

But meere implorators of vnholly suites,

Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds

The better to beguile: this is for all,

I would not in plaine termes from this time forth

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